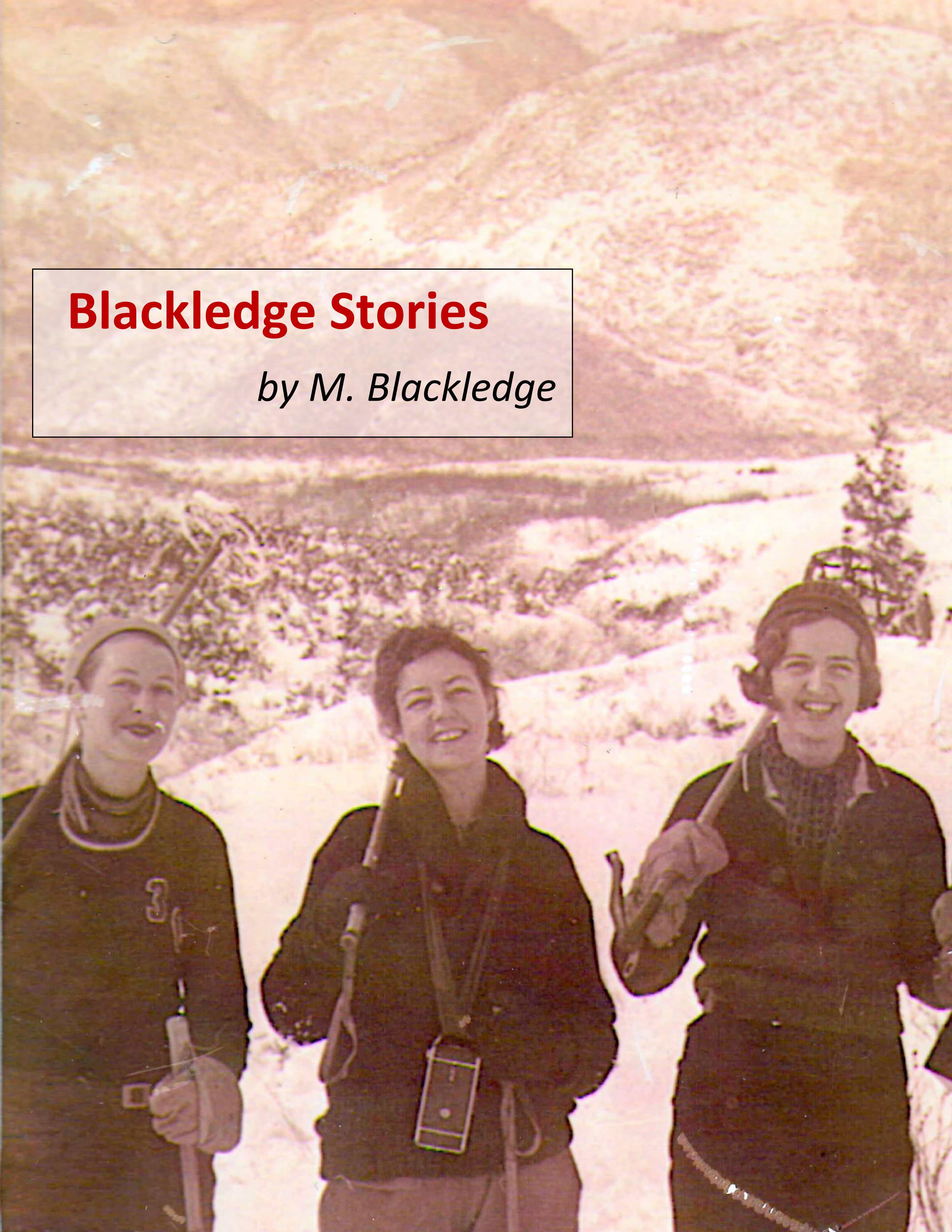


Blackledge Stories

by M. Blackledge

Hey, this is a Happy Birthday card to Mother !

Thank you all for contributing!

- All will appear in Blackledge Stories … someday.

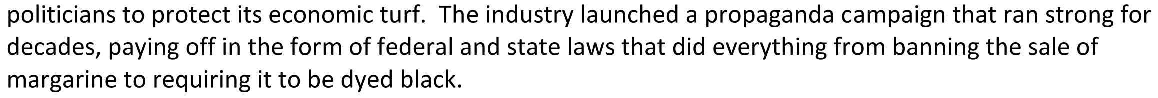
Mother's Menus

Mother must have been a good cook, or at least a dedicated one – Penn tells us of how Mother began on Page 1 of the Betty Crocker cookbook and worked her way through. What I recall is that in those computer-free days of the 50s she would take a selection of leftovers and create a new meal. One time she shocked even me, when corn ended up in the Sunday brunch. I confronted her: "Mother, there is corn in these pancakes!" "Well, it's good for you!" was the answer. How could I argue with that?

That was the one meal that our father cooked: Sunday morning waffles (or pancakes). Mother put the batter together from Aunt Jemima pancake and waffle mix, and Dad fired up the square waffle iron and started the assembly line. We four kids did our part by smearing on the butter (or rather, margarine – I don't recall we ever used butter, it was margarine forever) and pouring on the Log Cabin syrup.

Much, much earlier in my eating memories is my war years' recollection of being assigned the task of breaking the color capsule in the plastic white margarine package and massaging the yellow dye until it all looked uniform. Then it was cut open and squeezed into a butter mold or a bowl on the table. This bizarre part of butter history came about from the powerful American dairy lobby:[1]

> Those who were children in the 1940s remember the triumph of margarine. It was often their job, after all, to turn the white, lard-like stuff into something resembling edible. "You got a little capsule that you broke that had yellow color in it, and you mixed it in to make it look like you had yellow spread," recalled a wartime resident of New Jersey.
>
> As production increased over the years since the early 20th century, prices dropped and margarine looked to become a popular, low-cost alternative to butter. This possibility caught the attention of the American dairy industry, which did what any industry would do in the same situation: it lobbied politicians to protect its economic turf. The industry launched a propaganda campaign that ran strong for decades, paying off in the form of federal and state laws that did everything from banning the sale of margarine to requiring it to be dyed black.



> Courts shot down the most egregious of those laws, but the ones that survived for the long haul—taxes and coloring bans—did a lot of damage. The ostensible reason behind outlawing artificial yellow color in margarine was that it was designed to fool consumers into believing they were buying and using genuine butter. There was a kernel of truth to this exaggeration: some unscrupulous bulk dealers of margarine did try to pass off yellow margarine as butter. But the real reason behind the dairy industry's push for coloring bans was that a butter substitute that looked like lard was not going to win over potential buyers who wanted something appetizing to spread on their bread. By 1895, 19 states had adopted laws forbidding the sale of yellow margarine; by 1932, that number had risen to 27. Soon, margarine sales in America had fallen to half their peak.

[1] http://www.americainwwii.com/articles/victorys-spread/, retrieved 26 Oct 2017.



In a clever work-around of the anti-coloring laws, margarine makers began packaging artificial yellow coloring in capsules or wafers with their white product. These do-it-yourself kits for consumers were a success. Now that margarine could promise a fairly appetizing appearance, all that was necessary for sales to take off was for WWII rationing to take its prime competitor all but out of the picture. Positive health-related findings announced at the National Nutrition Conference in 1941 didn't hurt, either. Soon much of America was using margarine in lieu of butter at least some of the time.

Not everyone applauded this culinary development. Margarine's most vocal detractors may have been the children who had to mix in the coloring. "I used to hate the icky margarine squeezing out between my fingers," recalled Betsy of Herkimer, New York. "When the war ended it was like a miracle not to have to mix margarine, and to a kid that was something to rave about." Plenty of people objected to the flavor of margarine, too. "It was sort of a dirty word in our house," wrote Helen Wheatley of Norway, New York.

By the time the war ended, margarine was well established in the American market. Federal and state bans, taxes, and licenses began to fall by the wayside. By 1955, only two states still had laws forbidding the sale of yellow margarine. The last coloring ban stood all the way to 1967. The lone holdout? Wisconsin. Any state known as America's Dairyland might have been expected to fight so doggedly over the stuff that buttered its bread.

Mother's menus seemed to include a plethora of casseroles – I can't describe all the casseroles, but I think there was a spaghetti casserole or two in the mix, with cheese on top. Mother's specialties, though, were salmon croquettes, and Boston baked beans. The latter had to come from Mother's childhood in Ware, MA, and were always served in that special Boston Baked Bean Pot. Penny claimed that Mother never divulged the recipe for her famous Boston Baked Beans, but nowadays Bush's makes a pretty good facsimile. Plenty of molasses is what I thought made them special – like candy to the senses. In our later days, mother's menus devolved into battered fish sticks from a package.

We kids always ate at the kitchen table; when Dad was home for the dinner meal, we would move to the dining room table. All holiday meals were always at the dining room table; Penn told the story of the 'back-up turkey' that Mother produced after Dad had slopped the 'original turkey' onto the dining room floor.

We kids always drank milk at meals – they didn't have skim milk in the 50s on a regular basis, so it had to be whole milk, delivered to the kitchen door off the driveway at 2307 Gramercy Blvd by the milkman. Chocolate milk was a great treat. I was also amazed that mother could write "cottage cheese" on a slip of paper and put it in an empty milk bottle, and bingo! Cottage cheese would appear in the milk carton! And even stranger, my sister Penny would obtain – and drink – buttermilk! Ugh! I tried it once – how could she drink that stuff? But the cottage cheese we all ate, mine with strawberry preserves on top.

Mother's menus were supplemented by our maid, "Crazy Annie"[2] for awhile, then Bertha Bug. The maid would come on Saturday morning, clean all morning, and then fry up a big frying pan of fried chicken before she left. Good eatin'! The story was we lost Annie when she was found 'packing heat' as Pete described it, on a Houston city bus. There was no concealed carry law back in the 50s, and certainly not for colored folks. So after Annie was lost to law enforcement, we hired Bertha, who had a habit of taking some groceries home from the large pantry that existed under the stairs between the kitchen and the front door entryway. I recall when the government came out with a report that diet drink's sugar substitute saccharine had been known to cause cancer in rats and the FDA would be taking them off the shelf, Mother responded by going out and purchasing and stockpiling all those diet drinks she could find.[3]

My sisters used to tell me that whoever married me would have an easy time of pleasing me with her cooking after my being raised on an almost pure diet of mother's casseroles. Over forty years later, following Helen's death, two female members, one a divorcée, one a widow from my Lamar High School Class of 1959 sat on either side of me during our Medicare Cruise (April 2006) to warn this newly minted widower against "women bearing casseroles." Where were they during the 50s?

What are your memories of mother's menus?

Here are Penn's:

Here are Patti's:

Here are Pete's:

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[2] Pete tells the story of "Crazy Annie" in his stories under Chapter 11.

[3] 1969: The F.D.A. bans cyclamate when testing -much of which was done on sweeteners containing both saccharin and cyclamate -suggests that large doses cause bladder tumors in laboratory rats.

MOTHER:
Dorothy Marita Forrant Blackledqe

2/7/1907 – 7/18/1971

by Penelope Sue Blackledge Woods

The evening Mother died she and Daddy had just returned to California from a popular "fat farm" in Tecate, Mexico where Mother had posed for the camera in their private swimming pool, wearing only a sunny smile and an orchid tucked playfully in her gray pixie cut. Now dressing for dinner in the Del Coronado Hotel, Mother said,

"Ready, dear," and giggled.

Daddy turned to see his 64 year old bride dressed except that she was wearing nothing under her transparent blouse. They both burst into laughter.

Mother's off-the-wall sense of humor was her trademark all her life, as was her love for travel and adventure. The latter appetite was fed by her career as a secretary in the Foreign Service. This career provided her experiences of riding a camel, survival of a shipwreck, earthquakes and typhoons; history in the making (including Coolidge, Roosevelt, Einstein, Heifetz and Mother standing next to Charles Lindberg); cultural impressions of Havana, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Santiago and Tokyo as a young girl; many suitors; her impressions of religion, politics, hats, the piano; her study of Spanish and Japanese; and her avid sports activities including walking near Mount Fuji and tap-dancing at the Y). But her more traditional attributes of hard work and homemaking are what I remember most. For example . . . .

Her Hands

As I type this account I see my mother's slender hands, veined in patterns as fascinating as her personality. Mother used those hands to earn her livelihood as a young girl just out of high school.

> *1926, Northampton, Mass.*- To Whom It May Concern: I am glad to state that Miss Dorothy M. Forrant of Ware, Massachusetts, entered this school in the fall of 1925; earned her way while attending here until she graduated in June, 1926. She maintained high grades in all her commercial studies and was an exceptionally rapid and accurate typist - - one of the best we have turned out for a number of years. *(signed)* John C. Pickett, Assistant Principal Northampton Commercial College, Inc.

> *1927, Washington, D.C.* - TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Miss Dorothy M. Forrant has been employed in the Department of State under my supervision since September 20, 1926. Miss Forrant is a very capable stenographer and typist, energetic, willing and conscientious in the discharge of any duties which may be assigned to her. *(signed)* E.B. Russ

Jan. 3, 1928, Washington, D.C. - Miss Dorothy M. Forrant. Madam: You are hereby appointed a Stenographer to the Sixth International Conference of American States to be held at Habana, Cuba, January 16, 1928. (signed) Frank B. Kellogg[4]

Jan. 1928, Havana, Cuba - Care of the Delegation of the United States, Hotel Sevilla-Biltmore, Room 105

Dearest Mother: Well, I have arrived at last. I had a wonderful journey on the boat and was seasick a little but not much. The Hotel we are staying at is the most expensive in the city. Even my room is $10. a day without meals. Hot Dog! What does Arthur think of it? I have a private room with a private bath and a telephone and everything. The only thing is everytime you turn around you have to tip everybody. If you don't tip you don't get waited on.

The President of the United States is coming to Habana Monday and the President of Cuba has proclaimed a legal holiday in his honor.

Did I tell you the girls gave me a surprise party before leaving? They gave me a lovely robe and satin mules. And all went down to the train with me. Well Mother Cat, I will write some more later. Love, Dorothy. X X

After the Cuban conference Mother decided to apply for another country.

This led her to Buenos Aires, Argentina and later, Tokyo, Japan.

June 21, 1928, Havana - Now Kathie, I guess you think that I was not in earnest about going but now that you know I am, don't you think it is all right to go? You know what Mother will do, set up an awful howl, but Kathie if I were a boy I would be in the Navy long ago or something and she would probably see me very seldom.

After Mother's death we siblings reunited with Daddy in Houston. Mother's wedding rings glistened from atop the den television. They looked empty and quiet to her children who had watched and loved her busy hands for decades.

Daddy had given Mother the Naval Academy graduation ring in miniature when they married 37 years earlier. The words, "Sweet Thing," were inscribed inside. Later when the token stone fell out, Mother laughed and filled the gap with colored candle wax. Many candle-wax refills later my father had the space filled with a silver monogrammed "B".

After Daddy's death 11 years later I put the rings on my own fingers and for a decade the silver circles have bonded me to memories of my parent's enduring relationship.

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[4] Frank B. Kellogg was United States Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Calvin Coolidge 1925–1929.

Her Marriage

Oct. 30, 1929, Buenos Aires - And every time I get a letter from Mother it makes me feel like I'm the most selfish girl in the world. What will I do? I guess I'll just have to give up any idea of ever getting married because I can't tell anybody that he will have to support my Mother too and I can't leave her without enough money, and yet I would always feel bitter towards her if I was cheated out of the kind of happiness that you and Roger know. Well, I sure would appreciate Roger's advice about how much money to send home and whether things are as bad as Mother's letter makes me feel they are. I get sick to my stomach when I stop to think of it, of her being all alone, and everything, but I'm alone too and in a strange country.

Mother successfully lived off her typewriter talents for a decade before wedding a handsome widower Naval officer on April 24, 1934. He was 11 years her senior with a 5 year old daughter.

July 25, 1931, Tokyo - Dear Kathie: First I will tell you about the trip coming over. I met the nicest Lieutenant in the Navy. He has just come from teaching two years at Annapolis Naval Academy and will have three years duty in China. Well, we were together all during the trip and he sure is a peach. Very good looking and as nice as he is good looking. On board I had a great time because Allan of course knew all the naval officers and their wives and they invited me to all the little stateroom parties.

.. and I was asked to spend my vacation in Shanghai by Allan. I have never known anyone as nice as he is and I'm not going to risk any chance of losing developing this friendship just because my insurance premiums are so high I won't have enough saved by the time summer comes.

P.S. . . . . Don't tell Mother about the Lieutenant as she will put it in the news.

Her Projects

During World War II and my father's long absence, Mother kept busy raising her daughter inherited-by-marriage and her own twin daughters, soon to be joined by baby brother Mike.

Mother's touch permeates my child-memory. It created a cared-for feeling that extends into adulthood. Efficient fingers shampooed away dandruff and rubbed in love. "Ouch, you're pulling so hard," we'd complain as she compactly secured our braids with barettes. My first-grade heart pumped with pride as I took her hand and led her along the hallway at the grade-school luncheon.

A project person with a capital "P", Mother would tackle a large endeavor, attain a degree of excellence, then turn to another.

> *1928, Havana* - (to Mother) Well, that old Ware River news ought to be down here if they think I'm not working seven days a week and until 11 at night sometimes and often until 9:30 or 10. But it is worth it because you see a lot down here. I worked Sunday until 11 p.m. at night so Mother don't think you have to work hard at all.

Large colorful afghans were crocheted square by square. Her patient seamstress hands ripped up Daddy's worn uniforms or tore apart her old flowered seersucker evening dress and transformed them into skirts, pinafores and jumpers for her twins Used bed sheets became blouses with ruffled cuffs. As I stood for a fitting at her sewing machine, I felt the love in my mother's hands as she lightly pinned or shifted materials and patterns on me.

> *July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires* - Mother says that although she would like a radio she needs two new dresses and isn't working much. Gee, Kathie, I don't think it is fair. She is only working about three days a week and yet she doesn't try to save a little by making over her old clothes. She has a whole shirtwaist boxful in the bedroom and a whole closetful up stairs. I know I saw lots of slips that needed just to be sewed a little and a lot of dresses that just needed to be dyed a little and she could make curtains of old dresses and things like that. When I went to high school I used to take the old petticoats she threw in the ragbag and dye them and make dresses and I am sure nobody showed me anything about sewing, I just did it because I had to.

When cooking became an enterprise Mother worked her way through the Betty Crocker Cookbook, marking off each recipe and moving on to the next. "Our runner-up in the cake contest is Dorothy Blackledge," we heard on the radio one afternoon, "who entered a lamb-shaped cake, using cocoanut for the lamb's wool, a cherry for the nose, …"

> *1929, Buenos Aires* - Mother's been working about three or four days a week on the average for about three years now. Do you think I would stay hanging on to a job like that when I was able bodied and knew if I just watched the papers that there are lots of chances in other places than Ware. There are lots of women who make money by canning jellies or making cakes. It just takes a little ambition that's all. It would be different if Mother and Arthur were sickly or something like that. They are just content to

drift along and know if the worse comes to the worse little Dorothy can help them out.

Besides touch-typing, Mother insisted all of her children know how to swim. In our preteen years, swimming laps in the Indianapolis Athletic Club pool became a project as Mother set the example by reaching the top of the Dolphin chart for completing 100 miles. "Look at that lady bobbing up and down on the breaststroke," laughed Ginger, our swim teammate as she pointed at Mother's unorthodox swim style.

"That's our mother!" her 12-year old twins exclaimed, wondering what was so funny.

1928, Havana - We vent to a wonderful reception last Friday that one of the millionaires at the State Department gave to the employees. He has an estate about as big as the park in Ware with a private swimming pool bigger than the Pines in Ware.

Sept. 5, 1929, Buenos Aires - I am going to join a club this month as it is the only way I will be able to get out in the open air as I can go there on Saturday afternoons and Sundays instead of moping inside all the time as I do now. I've got to get some kind of exercise if I want to keep my health and when I get out of work at night at 6:00 there is no place to take a swim like I used to in Washington. . .

Her Mothering

As tiny tots we were aware of Mother's adventurous nature. Before WW II we lived in Long Beach and made frequent treks to the grand Pacific Ocean with Mother. She would sit on the sand to crochet or knit, then eventually take off for a dip in the waves.

"Mother, Mother," we'd call, worried about her safe return as she froliced in the foaming surf.

July 25, 1933 - Dollar Steamship Lines, Orient and round the world, on board

Well, I arrive in Tokyo today after a swell vacation. Everyone was so nice to me in Chefoo and invited Allan and I everywhere. I played tennis and swam every day. I came back by way of Shanghai to get a look at the place but it looks too much like Buenos Aires to be interesting ... This is a wonderful ship.

Mother showed us the wonder of rain "Please, please, may we go out, Mother, and play in the rain today?" we'd chant. Bathing suits on, we'd dance out to splash puddles, count worms, toss our heads back and with open mouths, drink falling droplets.

Mother didn't drive. Instead, she introduced us to the delight of public transportation. Travelling to the bustle of downtown via the gentle rocking motion of the streetcar or burrowing in the comforting roar and hiss of the bus made our excursions memorable.

November 23, 1929, Buenos Aires - I just came back from a weeks vacation As we went by auto we didn't have to pay a cent for transportation and we traveled all together 1250 miles Some trip We traveled about 8 hours every day and didn't stay in the same hotel twice in order to keep within our schedule. And what roads! All full of six feet ruts and water up to your neck. We had to go across corn fields in order to avoid the big holes in the roads, but it was all very interesting and we sure got a good idea of real Argentine country. Cordoba is the place where the only hills in the whole Republic are and they call them mountains but really they are no bigger than the hills around Ware

Although the coat hanger was threatened, Mother's discipline was rarely physical. She got her message across by emphasizing a desired command with the repeated tapping of pointed fingers into the other palm. Her blue eyes altered to steel-gray and her countenance took on a "nothing-will-change-my-mind" look. “A job worth doing is worth doing well," she would quote as we remade a bed "That's a lazy man's load," she would chide if we tried to clear all the dishes from the table in one trip.

July 24, 1929 ,Buenos Aires - Dearest Kathie: I just got word from Arthur that he and Sallie are going to be married Labor Day, and after thinking it all over I think it is the best thing in the world, because Arthur needs someone to wake him. Nannie used to say that he had to be led but I think he has to be pushed. And you know how easy it is for the girls to pull the wool over Arthur's eyes, for example, Milly DeWitt and the other one in Ware that ran away with the baker.

Jobs reigned in our house. Our introduction to earning money came in the form of raking leaves which were in abundance during autumn in Washington D.C. Mother's sewing machine clattered out several long sturdy bags. "Ready for inspection," we called after filling them to the brim. Mother took a look at the overflowing bags. "Why these bags aren't full," she declared bending over and smashing the dry contents to the bottom. "There's lots more room!" This scenario repeated until the penny was well earned.

1928, Havana - And then it will be 'Dottie, lend me some money.' They think I am rolling in money, I guess.

May 7, 1931, Tokyo - We are up before the House for a 15% cut in salary but I think it won't hit me because it is for people making over $2500 and I haven't had a raise for ages on account of the depression.

At age 10 we were introduced to the typewriter. Mother insisted on several perfect lines of "*f, j, space*" before playtime. Follow-up became writing thank-you notes, of utmost importance in Mother's etiquette book.

Dec. 13, 1929, Buenos Aires - I went swimming Saturday and invited the girl I was going with to come to lunch with

me to pay her back for the times I had been invited to her house, but there's no use even trying to pay back down here because we only had a salad and snails and dessert and it cost me $6. U.S. So that's the first and last time I'm going to try to pay anybody back.

July 1, 1930, Buenos Aires - . . . . and if you don't repay people at the boarding house you have to take them to a restaurant and it costs you all outdoors.

Around the same time there was the arrival of a second brother, Pete. One day after typing practice, I wondered who Mother was talking to in a strange language of coos and ahhhs. Rounding the corner, I saw my tiny brother Pete as he lay on the changing table. As he suddenly arched a fountain high into the air, Mother's unruffled acceptance of this outrageous event surprised me. Her gift of patience and enjoyment of babies became mine in later years.

"It is rude to ask for something," Mother warned at Christmastime. She was aghast that our friend made out a "list" for Santa. "The best gift you can give is one that you make," she insisted. Over the years she made much ado over homemade gifts of scented apples spiked with multiple cloves or another clay ashtray even though she did not smoke. If we complained about gifts our friends received, Mother would quote, "I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet."

"Oh, that's silly, Mother," we'd counter. "Everyone has feet." As usual, Mother knew a lot of things we didn't.



Times-Herald Staff Photo

His Prize—And 'Pal'

Mike Blackledge, of Quarters D, Naval Gun Factory, proudly poses with the blue Persian kitten he won in the Tailwaggers' scrapbook contest.

Her Homemaking

Mother never complained about the housewife's lot but kept her home humming for five children and husband. Year after year mountains of clothes were washed and tons of food were cooked, but it wasn't her calling in life. She kept a hidden agenda which she broke out later. Breakfast was always waiting, though sometimes odd by our standards.

"Ugh" we'd gag. "Jelly and cottage cheese on toast again?"

After school we would find our glass of juice waiting, along with 5 drops of cod-liver oil (10 drops in winter). We drank it fast, holding our noses. We could count on a standard non-standard dinner nightly. I dubbed Mother's stew, "candy stew," thereby winning

special praise. The siblings complained, abhorring her overgenerous addition of wheat germ.

> *1928, Havana* - Last night it cost me $2.40 for dinner and I had only a little kind of a Spanish stew. So it is a good thing that we get $8.00 a day to eat on.
>
> *June 13, 1929, Buenos Aires* - I am taking my lunches at an Argentine boarding house just to hear the language and you ought to see the things they give me to eat. Awful blood sausages and puchero, which is a native dish of cabbage and old meat and boiled potatoes and anything else they happen to think of.

Mother waged a running war against such house pests as cockroaches and rodents. Any living creature, mite to mouse size, who attempted to share her kitchen, met a quick demise. This ill will carried over to neighborhood cats. "They are witches in disguise," she declared. Felines who ventured onto our porch dashed away dripping from the bucket of water sloshed out the backdoor. In spite of this, Mother encouraged brother Mike to enter the newspaper's TailWagger's contest; designing his scrapbook entry in the shape of a huge cat. Much to her eventual dismay, he became the winner of a Persian kitten. "Waggy" lasted only a short time as Mother declared him mentally unstable when he tried to climb the drapes. Mike had to settle for a fish.

> *Sept. 1, 1931, Tokyo, Japan* - (to see the new Embassy buildings) The grounds. .. . are beautiful, with a rock garden and a darling swimming pool, and a reflecting pool where they are going to put all kinds of gold fishes and water lilies. There are millions of crickets singing in the trees. You know the crickets here sing almost like birds, or whip-poor-wills. The people sell them in tiny little wicker cages where they live for about two months on sugar and water.

When Mother entered college as her twins began high school, she honed her homemaking down to bare bones. Somehow the freezer, refrigerator, and pantry were always full and the dinner cooked. The washing was always done. As far as cleaning, her new battle cry was, "If you think the dust is too thick on the dining room table for your friends to come over, you are welcome to dust it yourself and to use the vacuum, too." We were shocked. But not shocked enough to clean house ourselves. Daddy hired an occasional housecleaner.

> *1929, Buenos Aires* - At least Mother could make a home out of that house. It is really awfully pretty but it certainly looks very far from what it did when Arthur and I used to come and visit for the summer in Ware. And then she wonders why I go so far away from home. Well, I never had a home, a place where I wasn't ashamed to bring my friends for fear that it might be all messed up or anyhow Mother would always be yelling at us not to throw things around or make any noise or to go home early. What a life!

Mother was clean in her person and often smelled of lavender. As a high school student I recall afternoons she sat in the bathtub, frothy water up to her waist, swishing numerous pairs of hosiery about like watersogged ribbons of beige, as she listened to her French records from the next room.

> July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires - So Albenia has a daughter, well some class to her. They say her husband is awfully nice. I guess I'd be just out of luck if any one ever fell for me because he'd just get the scare of his life if I brought him home and he saw Arthur with his bowl of coffee and everything on the kitchen table that was there last year and all the bathrobes and nightgowns hanging on the walls and the dirty clothes and best clothes everywhere. They are so used to it all now that they don't see the difference any more. I would be the same way if I stayed at home, I suppose, but now I could never stand it.

By college age, it was easy to take Mother for granted. The vision of her quietly lugging another basket of dirty laundry down the stairs as I sat studying makes me wish I had just once jumped up and said, "Here, little Mom. You work so hard for us. Let me do that for you!"

<u>Her Later Years</u>

Mother's eyesight dimmed in later years. It never changed her lifestyle, but once she looked out of the car window at the red fire hydrant near our house and asked Mike, "What's Peter doing outside without his coat on?"

Our move to Houston, Texas from Indianapolis, Indiana encouraged Mother to bring out her hidden agenda and exchange a life of exercise, projects and homemaking for ten years of intense college study.

> July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires - When Arthur and Mother don't have to work in the mill they don't do anything at home. What I mean is, they think I am just having the life of Reilly all the time. They don't realize that ever since I left school I have been studying something or other, either to improve my shorthand or Spanish and if I didn't do that I would take lessons in dressmaking or try to learn it by myself.

At age 45 Mother's busy-bee spirit took over in the new realm of higher education. Her girlhood shorthand resurfaced as she recorded every utterance by her professors, including coughs and sneezes. Her voluminous transcribed notes were much sought after by absentee students.

> *1929, Buenos Aires* - They just say, Dottie's lucky. Well, maybe it is luck to study Spanish everyday and to work overtime every chance I get to show them that I want to make good.

Mother graduated with a degree in languages at the same time her twin daughters graduated from another university. The difference was that Mother graduated, "Cum Laude". She continued on to earn a Masters in languages, then was felled from her education path by a heart attack as she began

doctorate study. Mother jumped back up, literally and figuratively, and fulfilled her dream of holding a professional job outside the home as a high school language teacher in her last ten years.

Mother laughed at death. "Cowards die many times before their death," she'd quote to a fearful daughter. "The valiant taste of death but once."

> *June 8, 1930, Buenos Aires* - Don't tell Mother but I have been having a pain in my side and went to the doctor and had an x-ray taken and I have fallen intestines. But as usual I have been very lucky as he has been giving me three electrical massages a week and I pay for my treatments by giving him English lessons as he is a German doctor. The lessons are very interesting as we go to the swellest tea room in town and all I have to do is to talk to him and correct him when he says something wrong. He is a well-known German surgeon here and is opening a sanatorium shortly. I feel much better now but am getting horribly fat as he is making me take half a pint of thick, thick cream and a quarter of pound of butter every day. There's nothing to worry about as I'm getting along fine now. The only thing is I'm supposed to get all the exercise I can but we work till so late and I'm so tired after the three lessons a week that I don't feel like moving around.

My husband and I visited Mother in the hospital after her first heart attack at age 53. She whipped off her oxygen mask and began joking and laughing. Gaiety in grim times was her trademark.

> *August 25, 1930 Buenos Aires* - I'm feeling fine after the operation and can do anything but play tennis as that is too strenuous.

> *Dec. 31, 1931, Tokyo* - Oh yes, I got a Christmas telegram from the doctor who operated on me for appendicitis in B.A.

Her Religion

Mother was raised a Roman Catholic.

> *June 13, 1929, Buenos Aires* - Dearest Mother: P.S. Anne and I went to confession and communion last Saturday so you don't need to worry about that.

> *July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires* - I am living with an Argentine family now and they are just as nice to me as they can be. They were so pleased to know that I was a Catholic and the lady put a picture of the Sacred Heart over the bed.

> *September 5, 1929, Buenos Aires* - Mother says she has been praying to St. Anthony for someone to send her money for coal and that it is $16.75 a ton so Kathie, I can't be hardhearted enough to refuse her anything like coal when she isn't working hardly any, so the fifteenth of this

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month I will send you $10 for the radio and $17 for the
coal.
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Mother decided in her late twenties that Catholicism was "an iron hand in a velvet glove" and turned away. After she died there hung from the dining-room wall a recent purchase of a large painting from Mexico. It was a huge yellow butterfly. It made me think that as a result of Mother's youthful Christian understanding that she believed in the Resurrection as can be symbolized by the butterfly's rebirth. Today when I see a butterfly flitting about, I think of her and sometimes I whisper, "Hi, Mother."

<u>Her Legacy</u>

Mother was on a Mother pedestal and there she will forever be. Our relationship was always mother-daughter, never friend-friend. I was a project to be completed in Mother's eyes. She was a respected image of a woman, wife and mother in mine.

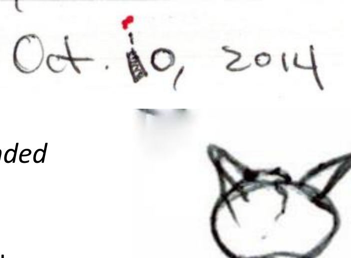
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  Sept. 26, 1932, Tokyo - I wrote Mother about not butting
in, etc. I'm awfully sorry Kathie. Maybe I scared her this
time. I can't understand her at all.
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I thrived from Mother's verbal blessings. They were constant and uplifting. "You can be an artist/writer/teacher," sounded her coaxings of confidence. "Just keep trying. Remember the Little Engine That Could."

After I married and moved away, there was an empty echo in the air that I kept listening for. Mother's endowment of pet names for each of us, such as "dear", "bunny", "rabbit," "darling", made us feel special. We, in turn, took to calling her, "Mother Mouse", after leaving home.

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  June 4, 1929, Buenos Aires - Well, Mother Cat, I have to
get back to work now.. . . tell Arthur to have a swim for
me.
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I have not described Mother physically. Now I know why. Even though she was beautiful, it was her gentle spirit I perceived, followed and loved and that is the part of her that will be with me always.



<u>A Mike-Mother memory</u> *from Penn –for Oct 10, 2014. [Note: this story is captured under the section* **<u>Her Homemaking</u>** *above, with photo, and is expanded here.]*

Mother and Mike, about 6 or 7, created a scrapbook in the shape of a cat:

It won the newspaper contest and Michael won a pedigreed Persian cat! (donated by the Tailwaggers Club).[5]

But at home, 3807 Van Ness Street, Washington, D.C., the cat went haywire and began clawing up the drapes. Mother complained and sent the cat back. Cat #2 arrived and did the same thing. Good-bye, Cat #2. After that, Mother taught us to throw a bucket of water on any cat that came onto the back porch.

Charm

A "Blackledge story" for Mike from Penn - Merry Christmas! [written 12-18-16]

As a 22 year old, my twin sister and 1 would soon be attending a bridal shower given by our bridesmaid Phyllis. But I was concerned. Not only that, I was downright worried. Why in the world did Phyllis have to invite our mother, of all people, to the shower? What did Mother have in common with any friends of Patti and me?

"WHY do you think Phyllis invited our mother?" I demanded of my twin as we drove to Rice for morning classes.

"Oh, who knows?" she said with a nonchalant shrug. "I think they usually do that for bridal showers. It's etiquette, I suppose."

Patti didn't get it. She just didn't seem to realize the danger.

1 wrote in my diary and explained that Mother really didn't belong at the shower. She didn't know our friends, not really. I was used to her on her Mother throne ordering us kids to do chores: like wash the ring around the bathtub or remember to put your dirty clothes into the hamper, or clear the table. Having Mother there, at the bridal shower, in the midst of our close friends, would be embarrassing.

Most of all, Mother didn't look like other mothers. She was what you call, dowdy. Her hair was short, grey, and combed forward; her wardrobe was non-existent; she didn't wear lipstick or jewelry; and she spent her rare free time typing and studying books in her sacred bedroom. One time I knocked on her bedroom door, quaking inside with a serious problem - at least to me. I needed lovelorn advice. Granted, it was late at night. The incessant typewriter keys from within never missed a rhythmic click.

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[5] Sidebar: Grace Tully was the personal Secretary to the President (FDR) from June 1941 until his death on April 12, 1945. In the book *Best Little Stories from the White House* by C. Brian Kelly, the following anecdote appears [page 179] concerning FDR's beloved dog Fala: "Hundreds of letters came to the White House addressed to him, some signed by paw prints and many from the very old or very young lovers of dogs," said Tully. She once found herself in hot water when she unthinkingly agreed to enroll him in the Tailwaggers Club of California, only to find out there was a chapter right here in Washington, D.C. – a chapter of outraged hometown Tailwaggers!

"Get outta here!" Mother yelled out, "Give me a little peace and quiet!" Good Lord. Other mothers could never be half that mean.

There was a remaining glimmer of hope that Mother wouldn't accept the bridal shower invitation since she didn't drive and wouldn't have a mode of transportation to the upcoming shower. (No way was I volunteering). I checked in with Daddy who assured me that yes, Mother was going and he'd drive Mother to the bridal shower. Gad. What rotten luck.

The evening of the shower arrived. Everyone was there. Including Mother. Phyllis had her home decorated with balloons, cake, ribbons, gifts and games. The room was alive and festive with happy chatter. We sat in fold-up chairs arranged into a large circle. Mother sat across the room from me between two of my good friends. I watched her every move and gesture, anticipating anything but good. She was talking, nodding, smiling, even laughing at times. I didn't know what to make of it. Every time I glanced over at Mother, she was chatting with one friend of mine or another or one across the way. She seemed animated and like she was having a good time.

What the …?

The next day on the Rice campus, several girls (not just one or two) came running up to me. "I LOVED your mother," said one. "You mother is SOOO cute," said another. "Where have you been hiding your mother! She is TERRIFIC!" etc.

I was in shock.

I went home, found Mother and said, "Mother, everyone LOVED you at the shower. They thought you were the cat's meow. What in the world did you say or do to make them like you so much?"

"Oh nothing, darling," she answered quietly. "I just enjoyed talking to them,"

"But, Mother," I pressed, "what did you say to make them like you so much? You must have said something special. I don't get it."

Mother smiled her small knowing smile. "Well, darling," she said, "It was very easy. I just asked them about themselves."

Now I'm 80, no longer 22.

Now I "get it."

I see that Mother, by her own actions, taught a young self-absorbed "me" the art of charm.



Epilogue *Here is my one cent worth (since my name is Penny) regarding Mother's death. [written October 2017]*

Mother's first heart attack occurred at age 53, or eleven (11) years before her passing at 64. This ties in with the eleven (11) family number. 53 plus 11 is 64, the summer-time of Mother's passing. This is how I have always recalled the timing of Mother's passing.

I'm 30 years younger than Mother and married Fred at age 22 on June 13, 1958. In our wedding-photo book, Mother was young, vital and laughing while walking down the church aisle, at age 51, with Peter.

Mother suffered "a light heart attack" in 1960. I made Mother's bed jacket that she's wearing [in the hospital photos] and I also made the dress that I am wearing in the photos. It was a tricky neckline for me to figure out.

When Fred and I arrived at the hospital room, Mother was wearing an oxygen mask which she quickly whipped off, much to my shock, thinking she would die on the spot. Mother didn't see that well, and when I came into her room, she said, "Patti Bunny?" I must have been a blur to her vision. It was great that Mother recovered so well and went on to teach high school languages for ten years after this episode.

When Mother filled out the papers to become a teacher, she marched into the twins' room (we were not married yet or maybe were there for a visit (?)) and said to us, "Mother is lying on this questionnaire. They ask about past illness and I am not going to mention the hospital stay or they will never hire me."

Fred reminds me that Mother said later, "My first heart attack was not when I was 53. It was when I met your father."

What a cute little mother.

I'm no doctor, but my intuition is that Mother died of a sudden stroke, medical terms aside. I said to Daddy later, "I think Mother would have been so surprised that she just died." It was a sudden, quick death. Some called it a "good" death for that reason.


Summer 1960
Missy makes light of heart attack

I recall that Mother had surgery shortly before that Tecate trip. She had bladder repair, having suffered from leakage for two-plus decades following birth of the twins. Her closet was filled with boxes of sanitary pads, which she apparently used daily. During that surgical repair, and according to Daddy, she was in the hospital recovery room for eight (8) hours. Her heart was out of kilter and the technicians could not convert Mother's heart to a normal sinus rhythm. They applied the "paddles" several times. Mother was not advised to take an airplane trip within 2-3 weeks of this experience. This is probably what hurt her heart the most, taking an ill-advised airplane trip so soon after traumatic recovery from bladder-repair surgery.

Here are Mother's last words to Daddy: "Allan, I feel dizzy. I think we should go in to dinner." She probably thought she needed food to regain her steadiness since they had lost weight from a strict Fat Farm diet. But at that moment, Mother's head fell hard onto Daddy's shoulder. It fell so hard that Daddy said he instantly knew Mother had died.

Mother and Daddy had arrived the evening before from the Fat Farm in Tecate, Mexico. The next day they called us, here in Los Alamitos, and said their plane would be in Los Angeles briefly the following day around noon.

Mother and Daddy were dressing for dinner that evening and for a joke, Mother put on a see-through blouse and said to Daddy, "Alan, I'm ready to go down to dinner." Dot, the kidder, was in full form.

I said, "Oh, we'll all come to Los Angeles, Fred, Andy, Nick and I, to see you during that time." Mother's words on the phone were slow and tired. She would die later that evening and Daddy would call us back. We would travel to Daddy's hotel room and drive him back to Los Alamitos to spend the night here. During that time, Daddy said two memorable things to me: "I'm the luckiest man in the world" (meaning, I think, that God had blessed him with two wives, surviving WW II, and 5 wonderful children). He also said, "I want you to know that I was always faithful to your mother." I said, "I know, Daddy."

The next morning, Daddy, age 75, was all dressed with a spiffy mute-striped jacket. He prided himself on being neat and clean. As Daddy walked down our driveway, tears formed in his eyes and he said, "Now I have nothing to look forward to each day."

Yet Daddy carried on, made his progeny his joy, called all of us often, continued with meetings, clubs, and friends in Houston for eleven (11) more years, finally passing at age 86 ½. During this time I started the "carbon-copy" club and wrote him weekly of our family activities. All aged parents give their children an extra blessing by living as long as possible. When people eventually become "orphans" without living parents, they now have no one to call up and report, "I just (did this or that)" because no one would care more than a parent. Yea Daddy!

Mother had purchased in Tecate, Mexico, a wooden Aztec-like bird head two-holed pencil holder for each of her children, as a gift. I still have mine. Do you? I think Mother was telling us with that gift that we are all writers. Yea, Mother!

LA PSYCHOLOGIE DE JULIE DANS LA NOUVELLE HELOISE DE JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU[6]

by Dorothy Forrant Blackledge

AVANT-PROPOS

1. Le point de visée de cet exposé

Cet exposé considère La Nouvelle Héloïse de Jean-Jacques Rousseau d'un point de vue tout à fait nouveau. C'est-à-dire que je voudrais signaler l'importance du seul roman du philosophe-psychologue Rousseau comme un document expérimental dans lequel Rousseau pose en postulat un être féminin qui subit une vraie névrose dans la lutte entre son hérédité et son milieu. Rousseau révèle comment Julie se trouve aux prises d'une hérédité paternelle très sensuelle et comment ses petites faiblesses de caractère sapent l'énergie morale nécessaire pour résister aux besoins de sa nature voluptueuse -- une nature très nuisible pour la psyché d'une femme qui doit se soumettre au mariage du dix-huitième siècle, et qui avait grandi dans l'atmosphère d'un milieu de demi-féodal. 'J'ai été élevé dans des maximes si sévères que l'amour le plus pur me paraissait le comble du déshonneur.'[7]

Rousseau soumet cette créature de son imagination à une attaque assez prolongée des impulsions toutes contraires à l'ensemble de ses traits acquis. Il démontre que son bonheur absolu n'est possible ni dans un état où manque l'émotion ni dans un état de révolte contre les critériums moraux de son milieu rigide. Ce qui est intéressant scientifiquement est le fait que Rousseau pose en postulat pour la composition morale de son héroïne certains défauts qui permettent un écroulement moral d'un caractère qui semble à première vue sans tache. Alors, Jean-Jacques commence à analyser les effets de ce conflit psychique sur la stabilité émotionnable de sa Julie. Il fait ressortir l'insuccès de sa jeune héroïne à rejeter complètement ses traits acquis et peint sa frénésie croissante à cause de ces impulsions en lutte. Ce conflit constitue 1'element dramatique de la première moitié du roman.

Dans la seconde moitié de La Nouvelle Héloïse, Rousseau confirme un aperçu psychologique bien entendu dans notre siècle: Que la mesure de la santé psychique n'est pas estimée par

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[6] A thesis submitted to the faculty of the William Marsh Rice Institute in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, Houston, Texas, May 1960. Original (8.5 x 11 in., 162 pages) in Walter Fondren Library, Rice University bears the approval signatures of three faculty members. Hardbound copy in possession of M.A. Blackledge, Albuquerque, NM.

[7] Translation: FOREWORD
1. The point of reference of this thesis
This presentation considers Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Heloise* from a completely new point of view. That is to say that the importance of the only novel of the philosopher-psychologist Rousseau as an experimental document in which Rousseau postulates a female being who undergoes a real neurosis in the fight between heredity and his environment. Rousseau reveals how Julie finds herself in the grip of a very sensual paternal heredity and how her small weaknesses of character undermine the moral energy necessary to resist the needs of her voluptuous nature - a very harmful nature for the psyche of a woman who must to submit to eighteenth-century marriage, and who had grown up in the atmosphere of a semi-feudal environment. "I have been brought up in maxims so severe that the purest love seemed to me the price of dishonor."

l'absence de conflits, mais plutôt par la suffisance des procédés utilisés par l'âme déchiré à les résoudre et à les surmonter. Alors, il fait que Julie regagne sa santé psychique par l'expiation de son sentiment de culpabilité (elle croît avoir brisé le cœur de sa mère) en consentant volontiers au mariage arrangé par son père avec le froid M. Wolmar, tandis qu'elle est vraiment amoureuse de l'ardent St. Preux.

Rousseau montre comment Julie est soutenue dans son sacrifice par une conversion religieuse qu'elle ressentit dans l'église le jour de son mariage. Jean-Jacques souligne comment son héritage maternel d'une nature foncièrement religieuse, aussi bien que l'avènement de la maternité, l'aident à se rendre compte que son bonheur psychique dépend de son retour à sa condition primitive comme produit de son milieu. En dépeignant son héroïne comme une "femme très femme", Rousseau fait ressortir comment I 'amour féminin (qui est le noyau d'une telle femme) est naturellement masochiste[8] et le sacrifice d'expiation que Julie a fait est ce qui restaure son équilibre psychique.

II est intéressant de noter que Rousseau, comme tous les grands artistes, court instinctivement au symbole pour illustrer sa thèse. C'est-a-dire que Jean-Jacques signale que l'énergie morale que trouve Julie pour trouve Julie pour maîtriser ses problèmes est née seulement aprés qu'ello avait succombé aux séductions de l'émotionalisme. II y a, ainsi, la suggestion que, toutes seules, les conditions du milieu et de l'hérédité ne suffisent pas pour la satisfaction complète de la nature humaine, mais qu'elles doivent être prouvées valides et suffisantes en étant mises à l'épreuve. On volt un parallèle entre cet argument et la thèse que l'homme dans son état naturel jouit (peut-être inconsciemment) du bonheur, mais pour apprécier ce bonheur il doit le perdre momentanément en cédant aux instincts appétitifs. II le regrette une fois perdu et cherche à le regagner en se dépouillant de ses traits acquis et en revenant à sa nature primitive.

Enfin, on peut voir un parallèle entre Julie et St. Preux d'un côté et l'Eve et l'Adam du Jardin de l'autre — car Julie et St. Preux symbolisent nos premiers parents qui ont essayé de trouver le bonheur dans des joies appétitives. Pourtant, après une longue durée de temps, ils reconnurent aussi que les seules joies infinies pour des êtres bornés sont les joies spirituelles. C'est-à-dire, comme l'enfer existe en dehors de nous-mêmes, ainsi le ciel existe en dehors de nous-mêmes — dans le bonheur des autres. Alors, Rousseau doue sa Julie du bonheur d'un amour tout à fait altruiste — un amour qu'il a trouvé défini dans les écrits de Leibniz: 'Le sentiment qu'on a pour celui qui par son plaisir ou bonheur nous en donne de l'amour.'

2. Abélard et Héloïse—des implications psychologiques

L'origine du titre de ce roman La Nouvelle Héloïse a des implications psychologiques profondes. On sait que Rousseau puisa dans une vraie histoire de deux amants pour son titre, celle d'Héloïse et d'Abélard au douzième siècle. II est très curieux de remarquer l'influence de cette histoire sur l'intrigue

[8] The first three footnotes have been hi-jacked for the purposes of *Blackledge Stories*. See the original for sources.

de La Nouvelle Héloïse. On peut conjecturer que Rousseau a vu un parallèle entre Abélard et lui-même. Par exemple, Abélard était aussi précepteur (comme Rousseau et St. Preux). Son père, Bérenger, comme le père de Rousseau, s'adonna à l'instruction du petit Abélard.

En suivant les aventures amoureuses de ce couple, on s'imagine la raison pour laquelle Rousseau introduisit dans son roman l'épisode de la grossesse de Julie avant son mariage et celui de l'avortement. N'a-t-il pas voulu suivre le chemin tracé par l'histoire d'Héloïse et d'Abélard? Quand Héloïse s'aperçut qu'elle était grosse, elle fit part de cet événement à Abélard. Celui-ci voulut alors épouser Héloïse, mais elle refuse de consentir à ce mariage en prétendant que cette union deviendrait fatale, même funeste, à son Abélard. Nous pouvons comprendre, done, la réaction curieuse de Julie a l'offre de la part de Milord Bomston d'un refuge pour les deux amants. Elle le refuse à raison de l'"inéluctabilité" de la fatalité de son sort.

Mais la chose la plus intéressante de l'histoire d'Héloïse et d'Abélard est le fait que, dans la correspondance entre les deux amants, Héloïse représente à son amant que les hommes de génie ne doivent pas être embarrassés d'une famille, et "elle fortifie son argumentation de preuves et de textes tirés des théologiens latins ou grecs". Car Rousseau lui-même, peut-être à cause de cette influence inconsciente, plaça ses cinq enfants dans une Maison des Enfants Trouvés la même semaine que Thérèse leur avait donné le jour. Le remords cuisant de Rousseau en s'écartant de ses enfants le suivit toute la vie. Il l'exprime dans une manière très pathétique à moyen d'une lettre à Mme de Luxembourg:

> Depuis plusieurs années le remords de cette négligence trouble mon repos, et je meurs sans pouvoir la réparer. Les idées dont ma faute a rempli mon esprit ont contribué en grande partie à me faire méditer Le Traité de l'éducation; et vous y trouverez, dans le livre Ier, un passage qui peut indiquer cette disposition.[10]

On peut s'imaginer (en suivant cette thèse de l'influence de l'histoire d'Abélard et d'Héloïse sur La Nouvelle Héloïse) combien les desseins horrifiants que le chanoine Fulbert a mis en exécution, firent impression sur la sensibilité du jeune Rousseau. Fulbert était l'oncle d'Héloïse qui pria Abélard de terminer et de parfaire l'éducation de sa nièce. Après s'être informé des amours des deux jeunes gens, le chanoine persuada à un serviteur d'Abélard d'ouvrir sa porte. Il était aidé par ses proches et ses amis à lier le jeune docteur de cordes et celui-ci subit l'effroyable supplice de la castration.

Rousseau semble transposer la castration physique d'Abélard en la ''castration mentale" de St. Preux. Son héros, qui au commencement était si ardent et passionné, maintenant (après être retourné chez les Wolmar) écrit à Milord Edouard avec la plume plate de I'eunuque Abélard:

> Le soir en me retirant je passai devant la chambre des maîtres de la maison; je les y vis entrer ensemble; je gagnai tristement la mienne, et ce moment ne fut pas pour moi le plus agréable de la journée.[11]

Le Rousseau de génie qui, comme musicien, inventa un système nouveau de notation et composa (parmi d'autres ouvrages musicaux) l'opéra charmante Le Devin du Village, a dû se voir lui-même comme un second Abélard dans tous les détails. Car Abélard, lui aussi, se découvre comme compositeur aussi bien que comme philosophe. Ces quelques lignes d'une lettre d'Héloïse à Abélard, classent le

célèbre philosophe parmi les meilleurs musiciens et même compositeurs de son temps: 'Vous aviez, je l'avoue, deux talents particuliers que pouvaient vous gagner le cœur de toutes les femmes, le talent de la parole et celui du chant: jamais philosophe ne les avait possédés à un pareil degré.'[13]

Mais le Rousseau qui domine La Nouvelle Héloïse est "the wistful Rousseau", cet homme romantique qui met en nu son âme et chante de ses douleurs infinies dans une prose aussi liquide que la plus belle poésie lyrique. Et ce Rousseau tenace ne va pas lâcher sans lutte ses illusions affamées d'amour. Comme un Lazare acharné il s'assied sous la table de Julie de Wolmar pour attraper cheque petite miette de son amour pour son alter- ego, St. Preux. Pour faire que Julie laisse tomber la dernière miette, Jean-Jacques se sert d'une thèse chère à Fénelon, décrite dans sa correspondance à Mme Guyon — l'idée du "mariage des âmes". M. de Wolmar, le St. Joseph froid et paternel du roman, envoie lui-même cette dernière preuve de l'amour éternel de Julie pour St. Preux. Je cite un extrait de la lettre de Julie:

> J'ai fait ce que j'ai dû faire; la vertu me reste sans tache, et l'amour m'est resté sans remord[14]...je vais t'attendre. La vertu qui nous sépara sur la terre, nous unira dans le séjour éternel. Je meurs dans cette douce attente. Trop heureuse d'acheter au prix de ma vie le droit de t'aimer toujours sans crime, et de te le dire encore une fois.[15]

Et, Jean-Jacques, habile à trouver son chemin dans le dédale torturé de l'amour romantique, attrape ce brin de consolation et l'envoie à un St. Preux bien reconnaissant. [all good to hère save for foot note numbers, trans]